McKean County Miner.

VOL. XIII.

SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886.

NUMBER 29

McKean County Miner

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Col. Norris' Speech.

THE ORATION WHICH CALLED FORTH THE SICKLES CONTROVERSY.—THE GREAT BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The speech which follows was delivered by Colonel A. Wilson Norris at Gettysburg. It has been the cause of much contention, the claim being made that the orator attacked General Daniel E. Sickles. Nothing was further from Colonel Norris' intentions however, and it seems due to right that the discussion was provoked by General Sickles and his friends.

The study of the battle of Gettysburg and the events that immediately precedent that great conflict cannot fail to impress us with the conviction that the lives of nations, like those of individuals, are often shaped and directed by the most trivial circumstances. Empires have been overthrown because of the mere caprice or the petty ambitions of their rulers. The face of Europe was changed by the spirit that ignited the flames of the Reformation; little grievances nursed the spirit of independence that wrested the American colonies from Great Britain, and the small spite of the general-in-chief of the armies of the United States led to a train of events that brought about the battle of Gettysburg, which was the turning point of the rebellion.

General Halleck's unfriendly mistrust of General Hooker, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, was very pronounced and well known, and when an opportunity offered to show his animosity he did not neglect to seize it. Such an occasion was presented on the march of the Army of the Potomac to Gettysburg, when Halleck attempted to hamper Hooker in the movements which he considered critical to success, and, rather than compromise or imperil the fate of his army, he decided to be relieved of his command. A fortuitous circumstance influenced the selection of General Meade to command the army just about the time it crossed into Pennsylvania. Gen. Meade and Gen. Reynolds had both served as brigadier generals in the Regular division from this State, and Meade had been stationed for some time under Reynolds at Fredericksburg and had, therefore, an intimate acquaintance with him and a thorough knowledge of his character. He knew that Reynolds was a man who was quick to appreciate an advantage, prompt and vigorous in action and a soldier of undoubted courage, and with the controlling force of a commander he gave into his charge the conduct of the most important part of the campaign then in progress. It was well understood that Reynolds intended to precipitate the enemy west of the Susquehanna river, and it is probable that the purpose would have been known to Meade. We know that it was the petty distrust of Halleck, which effected a change in the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that it was Meade's partiality for Reynolds, his fellow Pennsylvanian and old comrade in arms, that determined the selection of Reynolds for the command of the left wing of the army. A careful reading of the orders and reports which passed between these two distinguished officers, together with their intimate personal relations, show that they had the most unbounded confidence in each other. Both Reynolds and Meade were looking for the enemy to concentrate their forces in a large direction, but neither was well established in that belief as a fully matured fact.

REYNOLDS' AMBITION.

It is said that the man who fell on this spot is due the singular distinction of fixing a battle at this point, where the advantages of nature, assisted so materially to secure the success of our arms. As I before observed, Reynolds sought an encounter with the foe. His feet were on the soil of his native State, with a worthy ambition he was anxious, as one other soon, to strike the enemy who had pushed his adventurous columns into the very heart of the State, a serious, and, if possible, fatal blow. That enemy had swung far away from his base of supplies, and each step northward had imperiled his line of retreat, and Reynolds could not but believe that his brave men felt as he did, that here, amid our hills, on Northern soil, the blow which the army struck would be a vengeful and heavy one, and that if a decisive victory was obtained he never would recross the Potomac with the brave legions that heroes devotedly followed him. Meade had conceived the idea that Lee would attack him in the extreme south of the South Mountain range, and his purpose in sending it south to Gettysburg was to impede the march of the enemy until Meade could have time to concentrate his forces and to be enabled to select his own position and there await the enemy's attack. He contemplated a fight, but if possible he wanted a position of his own selection. It was not to give battle to Lee that he directed Reynolds to occupy Gettysburg, but simply to prevent the Confederates from discovering his movements to concentrate his forces. It is a historical fact that Meade knew nothing of the peculiar topography of the vicinity of Gettysburg, and that he merely indicated it as a good point where Reynolds could marshal sufficient force to detain Lee until Meade had brought up his several corps and disposed of them for a fight. The disposition of Meade, it is to be observed, was to be merely a defensive one. It contemplated an attack by Lee, and not to give battle to the enemy unless assailed.

THE ENEMY.

From the reports of Generals Pleasonton and Buford, who had scoured the country with cavalry, Reynolds was convinced also that the enemy intended to offer battle to Meade, and that their movements were simply maneuvres to obtain an advantageous position to strike him. All the indications pointed to a concentration of their forces at Gettysburg, and a glance at a map discovered what a layman, much less a soldier, would have seen, the strategic importance of the possession of a point where public roads converge from every direction. Reynolds, without any knowledge of the natural advantages of the place, knew instinctively that its situation as a central point would invite Lee's attention, and he therefore ordered Buford to take possession of the town and, if attacked, to maintain his position until the arrival of the First Corps, which he promised should be sent to his support. Buford reached Gettysburg with his cavalry division on the afternoon of the 30th of June, and ascertained that the enemy was near at hand, a brigade of his infantry having made its appearance and withdrawn on that day. He was informed that it had gone down the Cashtown road, and he knew, from the reports of scouts, that it had rejoined a large body of Confederate troops, who were feeling their way up that road to likewise take possession of Gettysburg. The field for the battle, therefore, was not chosen by reason of any special or previous knowledge of its importance as a strong natural position, for the Confederate officers who had passed through Gettysburg had evidently not taken any note of its natural advantages, while Buford had not the time to report them to his chief, when he was confronted with the enemy and compelled to give him battle. Buford, on entering the town, remarked the advantages of the position for a general engagement, and, under the instructions of Reynolds, determined to risk a battle if the enemy advanced in the morning, which he predicted they would. He felt that if he could keep the enemy in check for a few hours Reynolds would join him with the First Corps, and that they could then occupy Cemetery and the adjacent hills and hold them against the Confederate army until Meade could muster all his forces at Gettysburg.

A GALLANT ATTEMPT.

It was a gallant act to attempt to hold an army in check with 4,200 men, but Buford was the man for such an emergency. He was a soldier of approved courage and sound judgment, and Reynolds knew he could not confide his plans to one who would more faithfully execute them. Early on the morning of July 1 the division of Heth and Pender, of the Confederate Hill's corps, moved forward, as Buford had prophesied, to seize Gettysburg. At the same hour, 9 o'clock a. m., Heth, on the Confederate side, and Wadsworth, on the Federal, were each pressing their respective divisions forward to this same point. Davis' and Archer's Confederate brigades struck Buford's skirmish line, and the battle began. It was a serious and trying hour for Buford. With his handful of cavalry dismounted and acting as infantry, he presented so bold and extended a front that the enemy were impressed with the belief that they had come in contact with one of the corps of the army, and they hesitated to push forward until the remaining divisions of Hill's corps were brought to their support. In the distance long columns of the enemy could be seen hastening to the fight, which was maintained by Buford with a resolution and tenacity that partook of the heroic. He saw that he could not prolong this unequal struggle, and he anxiously watched the belfry on yonder seminary, where his signal officer was stationed, to catch some tidings of the approach of Reynolds. The signal flags at last waved the cheering news for which he longed and, hurriedly repairing to the belfry, he seized a field-glass and, pointing in the direction of the Emmittsburg road, whence he knew the Federals would come, his heart was lightened by the sight of a column of infantry. He was well aware that it was the advanced division of the First Corps, and, turning an instant to look down the Cashtown road and seeing the heavy columns that were pushing along that highway towards the Confederate front, he determined to hassacrifice until Reynolds' arrival. At this moment a horseman galloped up to the seminary and a familiar voice greeted his ears. It was Reynolds in person, who, hearing the guns, had hurried forward to encourage Buford to continue the fight until the troops which were close behind him could come to his assistance.

It is said that Reynolds was preternaturally sad on this first of July morning, until he heard the thunders of the artillery, and then his face lighted up with more than its wonted brightness. Perhaps he had some premonition of his death, which was chased away by the thought that here, on his native soil, almost within shadow of his own home, he was to have the opportunity to meet and overthrow the insolent foe who, unmolested, was marching and countermarching over the fair fields of his own Pennsylvania. It may be he had some prevision that he was to be the instrument to work out some great glory or good to his country at this critical juncture in the rebellion. He could not but see the imminent peril that threatened the nation. A battle lost then, and on Northern soil, would be so disastrous to the government, and give such prestige to the Confederate hosts, that the loyal portion of our people might distrust their ability to conquer the rebellion, while a victory for our arms would stir anew the fires of our patriotism and call forth the most strenuous exertions to suppress it. A soldier like Reynolds must have perceived at a glance, as he galloped up the Emmettsburg road, the strong positions for the disposition of troops which surrounded Gettysburg. Cemetery Hill, Round Top and the adjacent hills were strongholds which nature herself had constructed, where he knew our troops could confidently await the assaults of any adversary. And what he observed in the morning Hancock saw in the evening when he came to make the disposition for the great conflict which his soldier instinct told him would be renewed on the 2d of July.

DETERMINED TO FIGHT.

Spurring his steed along the Emmittsburg road and noting at once the superior position which the surrounding hills presented, Reynolds swiftly rode to the meeting with Buford, resolved to withstand the enemy on this, to him, fateful spot. This determination to fight shines bravely through the words of his dispatch to Meade when he said, just after the meeting: "Buford reports that he has found a force of the enemy's infantry which he is unable to dislodge, and while I am aware that it is not your desire to force an engagement at that point, still I feel at liberty to advance and develop the strength of the enemy."

When he saw the enemy in force he turned to an aide and said: "Ride at once at your utmost speed to General Meade; tell him the enemy are advancing in strong force, and that I fear will get to the heights beyond the town before I can. I will fight them inch by inch, and if driven into the town I will barricade the streets and hold them back as long as possible."

Here is the evidence both that Reynolds perceived the advantages of the hills behind the town, and that he was fixed in his resolve to fight until the remaining army corps were brought forward. It is manifest he thought a general engagement was inevitable, and that the position was so superior that Meade ought to be compelled to seize it. Reynolds had broken camp at the break of day, and, having seen the divisions of his own corps in motion and sent orders to Howard and Sickles to immediately follow with the Eleventh and Third Corps, he hastened forward to join Buford, and reached him at the critical time we have described. Mounting the belfry of the seminary he took in the situation at a glance, and, with a promise of instant support to Buford, he hurried away to meet his First Division and bring it up to the fight, where cavalry were still holding their dearly earned position.

The corps had made a forced march with Wadsworth's division a half hour in advance, and its blue columns were in sight. Reynolds himself led the division to the front and with it relieved the cavalry about ten o'clock in the morning. The first collision between Heth's division and Buford's cavalry had taken place about eight o'clock, so that the conflict had been waged for two hours by these resolute cavalrymen before they were relieved. It was fortunate for the country that an officer like Buford was charged with this important duty on that morning. Reynolds, when he sent Buford to hold Gettysburg, knew that officer would maintain his position if it was within the compass of human bravery and endurance, and Buford was as confident that Reynolds would not permit him to suffer any sacrifice that was not called for by the exigencies of the occasion. It was a mutual trust, and neither betrayed the other, and to these two faithful officers the country is indebted for the battle of Gettysburg. If Reynolds, resolved to precipitate a conflict, had not provoked the engagement at this particular place where the advantages of nature were so largely in our favor and contributed so greatly to our success, who can divine what might have been the event of the battle which must inevitably have been fought between these two great armies and the consequent result to the nation?

GENERAL SICKLES' WORDS.

In an address delivered in Boston on April 8 of this year General Sickles used these words: "Mark you, the battle of Gettysburg was fought on your front (that of the Third Corps) on the 2d of July. That was Gettysburg. Gettysburg was not the accidental collision of two corps on the right flank on July 1, where Reynolds so gallantly and unfortunately fell. That was not the battle of Gettysburg. That was an accidental combat, without significance. The battle of Gettysburg was not the desperate but forlorn and hopeless assault of Pickett on our centre. The battle of Gettysburg was fought on your front on July 2. The battle of Gettysburg was decided by you and the supports that came to aid you."

It is demonstrable, as we have shown to-day, that the battle on the first day was not an accidental collision of two corps, but was deliberately sought and provoked by Reynolds, and in the dispositions which he made for it both General Howard and Sickles were assigned important places, which neither of them occupied at the time they were ordered to do so, and the disaster which overtook the First Corps and almost annihilated its brave divisions was, in a large measure, due to the failure of Generals Howard and Sickles to reach Gettysburg with their respective corps at the time they were

had moved his corps promptly within supporting distance of the First Corps, and taken position with two divisions on the right of the First Corps, with the third division held in reserve on Cemetery Hill, as he had been directed to do, instead of coming up at one o'clock, when the First Corps had been engaged for over three hours, the result of the first day's fight would have been different. And when the Eleventh Corps came to the front it did not join the rights of the line, for I was an eye-witness to that movement and saw the wide gap between our right and the Eleventh Corps left, through which the enemy poured in and turned our flank before the retreat to the town began.

General Sickles had an order from General Reynolds to march to Gettysburg on the morning of July 1. This order was delivered to him as early as one o'clock that morning. He was only twelve miles away, and yet with this positive order he did not break his camp until afternoon, and did not reach Gettysburg until night. If General Sickles had carried out his order, as his superior officer, Reynolds, expected, he also would have been at Gettysburg to have taken his place on the left of the First Corps, and have likewise saved it from the terrible loss it sustained.

HEROES.

Mead is dead; Reynolds fell here, and Hancock, amid the grief of the whole nation, was recently laid in his grave. Meade intended to fight, but was seeking ground of his own choosing wherein to wage the fight. Reynolds, with a large discretion, knowing of this purpose of Meade and burning with a desire to meet the enemy, was sent by Meade to cover the concentration of his troops, and, finding an advantageous place to strike the enemy, delivered the blow and sent word to Meade to come up with the remaining corps of the army, and Hancock, who selected the final position for the fight, and who himself located Sickles' corps, confirmed Reynolds' judgment in selecting Gettysburg for the battle by sending word to Meade to push forward with the rest of the army. It will not do to call this an accidental combat of no significance, and especially when the language falls from the lips of one who has never explained why he did not obey Reynolds' order and reach Gettysburg until after the shadows of night had fallen over that bloody field, where the First Corps had sustained the severest loss suffered by any individual corps in a battle of the war. The graves of my dead comrades of the First Corps would reproach me if I was silent when the conflict which that corps maintained for six hours against fearful odds is belittled by being called an accidental conflict without significance. The collision, doubtless, never would have occurred had not Reynolds felt confident that the Eleventh and Third Corps were in the immediate rear within supporting distance, and when he gave the enemy battle he had a right to presume that these two corps were on the march to assist him, and particularly when they were within hearing of his guns.

When Reynolds led the Iron Brigade of Wadsworth's division of the First Corps, into the fight it was about ten o'clock in the morning. The skirmishers of Heth were in the woods, concealed by the underbrush, and when Reynolds, after leading the First Brigade into position, turned to the rear to bring in the Second as they came up he was shot by one of these Confederate skirmishers. He fell within a few feet from where he was shot and never uttered a word after he was struck. This table marks the spot where he fell.

Around us on every side are seen the tables which mark the respective places where the various regiments fought on that eventful morning. The line of every arm of the service, cavalry, artillery, infantry can here be traced. It was a beautiful conception, the design of thus permanently making the position where the several commands wrought their share in this great battle. My regiment, in General Paul's brigade, of General Robinson's division of the First Corps, was in front of the seminary here in our sight, when the report came back to us that Reynolds had fallen mortally wounded. "The General is killed, Reynolds is shot," were the sorrowful words that passed swiftly along the line. Every brow darkened at the intelligence, but the shadows were not all those of grief; for, in the angry gleam of the eye, the compressed lips and the nervous clutch of the guns, one could see the spirit of vengeance that had been aroused in the breasts of his brave followers by this heart-rending report. At this crisis his death was extremely unfortunate, and the loss of his services irreparable. The corps had the utmost confidence in his courage and ability, and his death spread through its ranks not only despondency but distrust. When he fell the corps knew it had lost its chief and its brain. He had its unbounded attachment. The men were aware how skillful, brave and discreet he was, and how studiously he cared for their comfort and welfare. "Who is that officer in the plain blouse and forage cap, who rides about from camp to camp at night and sees that the troops are properly disposed?" "There goes Johnny Reynolds," is the honely but loving remark of some one of the men, as the blouse and the cap dash by. "He's looking out for a place for us to camp; why the thunder don't he send an aide?" Because his men's comfort was his own, and he would not leave the saddle until his troops were properly fixed for the night.

A TRUE SOLDIER.

One of the last times I saw him he had thus selected a camp for our brigade, and he rode up to General Paul and pointed out the place he had chosen. These acts of thoughtfulness and kindness touched the hearts of his men and endeared him to them. They had seen him courageous in the fight, and had learned to respect him; they had seen him in the camp, thus observant and kind, and had learned to love him. He was by profession and in spirit a true soldier. He was quiet and inoffensive in his manner, yet commanding and full of dignity. His deportment, though stern, had none of that supercilious contempt for volunteers which had hitherto so peculiarly belonged to the professional soldier in this country. His capacity for endurance was wonderful, so much so that he was called the Iron General. On the field of battle he was cool, self-possessed and wary, his mind ever cautious, looking to and providing for every contingency. "Colonel," he remarked in my hearing one day to a distinguished officer in our service, "you must make that breastwork bomb proof; this point is open to attack, and the enemy will be likely to assail it." In a very

with the last shovelfull of dirt came a score of shells to batter them down and test the strength and durability of the work. Nothing escaped the scrutiny of his sleepless, searching and watchful eye. He was a rigid, uncompromising disciplinarian, and enforced obedience with severity; yet his every action was accompanied by a dignity so much his own that his very anger seemed graceful.

General Reynolds was born in Lancaster on the 20th of September, 1820. A part of his early schooling he received at Lititz, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, under the tutelage of Mr. John Beck, who for fifty years presided over the Moravian Academy at that place, and whose school was deservedly noted by reason of the sensible and practical instruction it imparted. He subsequently attended academies in Maryland and Lancaster county until he was appointed a cadet at West Point on the 30th of June, 1837, by Mr. Buchanan, afterwards president of the United States, then representing the Lancaster district in congress. He entered West Point at the age of 17 and graduated four years after, when he became a second lieutenant in the Third Artillery and was made first lieutenant in 1846. He was in the battle of Monterey and brevetted captain September 23, 1846, and in the battle of Buena Vista, in January, 1847, and brevetted major for his gallantry in that engagement. He was made a captain in the regular army in 1855, served against the Indians in Oregon and subsequently in the Utah expedition in 1858, and in 1859 was made commandant of cadets at West Point. Early in 1861 he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry and in August of the same year a brigadier general of volunteers, and assigned to the command of the First Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Division, commanded by General McCall, the other two brigades of the division being commanded respectively by Generals Meade and Ord. In 1862 he was made Military Governor of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and so considerate was his treatment of its people that when captured a short time thereafter at the battle of Gaines' Mills, the authorities of the town went to Richmond and asked for his release. It is a noteworthy fact that Reynolds and the officer for whom he was exchanged, General Barksdale, of Mississippi, were both killed at the battle of Gettysburg. Upon his return to the army he was placed in command of the division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, serving with distinction in the Army of Virginia under General Pope. When Pennsylvania was invaded, after the battle of Second Bull Run, at the request of Governor Curtin he was assigned to the command of the militia in this State, and when he rejoined the army he succeeded General Hooker in command of the First Corps. In March, 1863, he was made a major general of volunteers, and in June of that year colonel of the Fifth United States Infantry. When the Army of the Potomac started on the campaign which led to the battle of Gettysburg, he was assigned to the left wing of the army, which comprised the First and Eleventh Corps and the cavalry division of Buford.

THE MANNER OF MAN.

Major Joseph G. Rosengarten, to whom I am largely indebted for much of the information obtained in regard to General Reynolds and who served with great credit and honor on his staff and who entertains a most affectionate recollection of his chief, thus describes the General: "Reynolds' was a face and figure worthy the sculptor's chisel and the painter's brush. Fully six feet in height, he was so well proportioned that he did not seem to be beyond the average; his dark hair and eyes; his pearly teeth shining through his tawney mustache; his high cheek bones, that gave him almost the look of an Indian; his long lithe figure; his almost perfect horsemanship; his quickness in motion; his simplicity in dress and demeanor; his watchfulness and incessant activity—these live in the memory of the thousands who are proud to recall their gallant leader. General Reynolds was a true hero in life and in death. His one purpose was to do his duty, and he did it without regard to cost or consequence. The affectionate confidence of all under whom he served and of all who served under him, and the honors freely conferred on him, are the best evidences of the well-founded reliance on his soldierly qualities. Rising steadily to the demands made upon his skill and military genius, he was as perfectly master of himself and all his faculties, when he was in charge of a section of artillery in his first engagement in the Mexican war as when he commanded the left wing of the Army of the Potomac in his last battle."

In the fall of Reynolds the country lost a patriot whose love for her was as boundless as her borders; the army a general whose skill and ability, tradition says, had twice obtained for him the offer of the command of the Army of the Potomac; his corps a chief whom it devotedly loved and in whom it had the profoundest trust, and Pennsylvania a son whose valor and distinguished services have shed undying lustre on her name, and whose life-blood was among the first to crimson her soil, as he gave it a free-will offering in her defense. She honors herself in thus honoring, as she does to-day in conspicuously marking the spot where he fell, her brave, chivalric and noble son.

PENNSYLVANIANS.

It is a strange coincidence that in this, the decisive battle of the war, fought on Pennsylvania soil, three of the officers who rendered the most conspicuous services, and were charged, not only with the entire command, but with the most important of the movements of the campaign and the battle, were three Pennsylvanians—Meade, Reynolds and Hancock. Meade was invested, only a few days before the fight, with the supreme command of the army. Reynolds, with enlarged discretion, was entrusted by Meade with the command of the left wing, and in the exercise of that discretion gave the enemy battle at Gettysburg, where nature so materially assisted our arms; while Hancock, whose military instinct at once perceived the advantages of the position which the dead Reynolds had selected, formed our battle line on Cemetery Hill, determined to there withstand the Confederate assault, and himself received its severest shock when Pickett charged his devoted Second Corps. There were, of course, glorious deeds wrought by other officers on this now famous field, but among the names which will be indissolubly linked with the great battle will be those of these three distinguished sons of our own State.

How suggestive and mutely eloquently are all our surroundings to-day. Whose patriotism would not grow warm in the presence of yonder Cemetery Hill with its divisions of slain, encircled as we are with these memorial tablets, which, though cold and silent, speak so touchingly of the valor, heroism and sacrifice of the brave men who here so nobly contended for their country's cause? What a glorious and moving sight it was to see the Army of the Potomac as it stood on those plains and hills, its hundreds of banners waving in the breeze and kissed by the sunlight, mingling their splendor with the gleaming sabres and glistening muskets as its blue lines were set in array, and what a startling vision was that other when long lines of steel burst like sunbeams from the surrounding woods, as the gray columns of the enemy emerged in full armor for the fray. As this splendid panorama unfolded, the first thought that shaped itself and leaped to your lips was one of painful regret that these embattled hosts should be armed against each other, citizen against citizen, brother against brother, the nation's wrath enkindled against itself. Do you realize, my countrymen, that the air about us to-day, so calm and still and filled with no sounds but those of peace, was once instinct with death and trembled with the din and clamor of war? Can you imagine that these hills that sleep so quietly about us with their heads bathed in the sunlight, and their feet nestled in the cool shadows of the woods, once rocked with the thunders of two hundred guns? Can you believe that these fair fields, blooming and smiling with their rich harvests that have just shed their green to put on their yellow and gold, were once red with the tide of battle as its crimson currents swept to and fro over the plain on a part of which we now hold this peaceful meeting? Nature has left but few traces of the great conflict. The busy and constant march of the seasons has smoothed down the ravages and scars of the contest, but gratitude and art are erecting, as we are helping to do to-day, such monuments as will commemorate its valor and heroism; and amid all these memorials of a people's affection and remembrance there will be none as we go down the future that will attract more attention or awaken more patriotism than that of the great soldier who here lost his life.

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I HAD to comb back the hair from my forehead and omit the parting to conceal my baldness. Since then Parker's Hair Balsam has made my hair as thick and glossy as ever. Ladies whose hair is getting thin will find the Balsam just splendid. Mary Swanson, Chicago, Ill.

Home Testimonials.

Mrs. Henry Gallup was teaching school in Norwich township last winter, and had been suffering from nervous sick headache a long time, and Miss Lydia Perry, of the same place, told her that there was no use in suffering so much when she could get a sure, simple remedy that she had tried and that had cured her, viz: Dennis' Blood, Liver and Kidney Cure, and one box of Indian Boot Pills. She took the advice and now says that she is cured. Go thou and do likewise.

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FOR POOR DIRECTOR
...
of Lafayette

FOR CORONER
...
of Smethport

FOR SURVEYOR
...
of Smethport

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER
...
of Smethport

FOR DELEGATE TO CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION
...
of Smethport

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 24 1886

...

...

...

The McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

... if you the time to ... paper changed, ... will do the same to ... ... state if the ... ... you take it from ... ... paper every week ... ... which to ...

... July 23 1886.

... NOTES ...

... session on this ... Friday Meeting ... County papers in ... ... with the ... ... the ...

... ...

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1886.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, I was before the battle of Arkansas Post exposed to a severe cold, which resulted in a severe cough. I found no relief till one day, search- ing for some remedy, I was urged to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I did so, and was speedily cured. Since then I have kept the Cherry Pectoral constantly by me, for family use, and I find it to be the best medicine I ever knew for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WORKMAN."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Being very palatable, the young and children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

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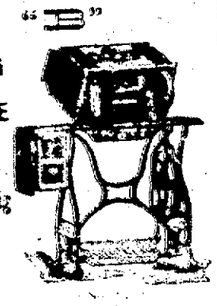
THE

ELDREDGE

"B"

SEWING MACHINE

Automatic, Self-threading, Cylinder Shuttle.



The ELDREDGE "B" is sold with the guarantee of being the BEST that can be MADE.

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$150 MONTHLY EASILY EARNED. We want a Man in every County in the United States to take charge of our business, and employ Agents. Salary $150 per month and expenses, or a large commission allowed. Our goods are staple as flour, and every family buys. Address at once, with stamp, NATIONAL MFG. CO., 323 North Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush sent on trial. Write for terms. Agents wanted. Dr. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

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A GIFT Send 10 cents to pay postage, and we will send you free a royal, valuable box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time, or spare time only. All of both sexes, of all ages, can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Don't delay. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

MESSIGES.

For The Miner

O, Weekly Smethport, grand and dear,
Thyme earls friend or foe means bear
No malice in my nature's found,
Nor can I, or Scott slander wound.

Each evening stream or mountain rise, brook
Reminds me of some study nook
Where oft my cuddled pleased,
Warm to the breeze their fair hair waved.

Each shrub or flower that I breathe the hill,
The valley with its fragrance fill,
And in these streams or waterfalls leap,
With grass and pebbles deck the sky.

The trees that on the mountains stand,
Or the twilight each branch and spire
That in the valley hazy smell throw,
As from meditation prayer.

The shrubs rock, the song of trees
Echoes, footsteps in the forest
Bring to mind of times enough with
Whom I've met or shall meet.

All this I'll remember and
With fond recollection dwell
Though separated many miles
From thee, dear weekly Miner.

When Winds in sweet melody
Bear on their wings tones of music
Or when I hear of tunes important
It was inspired on earth.

I cannot control my worldly
Nor the faithless hearts of Washington
A sweetheart may cause full shame
And laughter the unwise to find.

Then to the Indians I confess will
"Don't waste your bullets on that kid
Seven times we've fired with steady aim,
And vainly beats the white horse's mane.

He stopped for talk of love with
As horse and rider on they dashed,
Over dead and dying men they dashed,
While shrill and sabre cutted them slashed.

Men look for nobleness of life,
In name of wealth to rule the State
But for bravest, truest mind
In every act, with a soul that shines

When near me surrounded were ages
The wild deer bounded to and fro,
And to these scenes a sight did charm
Those beauties I back again the brain.

Those grounds were to me pathways
Let's ask the light of the brother's heart
With feet more nimble and more free
Than fallen fate that erase the effect

While a deal in the church for hell,
Your fanaticism runs around the will
Of God, the chastening and wretched,
Those arms are cold and dead
And all my thoughts.

Miss Wm Kennedy

Paper a Substitute for Wood.

It is not to be found what I know of paper that it is destined to take the place of wood in many things, and this will give protection to our forests as long as there is an American forest to spare. In Scandinavia more progress has been made in the use of paper for wood than in our whole country. Paper is well known in our schools made of two sheets pasted together with the grain of the one running across that of the other. A sheet of paper is soaked in water and then pasted on a board. When dry it is as hard as wood. The strength and durability of paper is well shown in our school maps of the United States. If maps are mounted on cloth instead of paper they will not roll up so well, and in a few years after it has been through many hands will become useless. Paper will now easily take the place of wood for the manufacture of many articles of household use. A portable paper bath tub is one of the latest novelties, and car panels, window shades and curtains made of paper have a large and increasing market.

A large part of the immense building operations in Stockholm are in public edifices erected entirely of paper, and in some of the finest and most modern houses are many of the principal elements of which the house is composed. A room finished with paper is shown and it does not seem paper at all, but rather the finest of stucco, and it takes a close examination to detect the fact that it is paper. Even the floors are covered with paper, which is said to be very durable. The cost of paper is but a trifle compared with that of wood, and the manufacture of paper is carried on in the very heart of the forests, where the raw material is found in abundance. The Swedish government has taken the matter in hand, and is encouraging the use of paper in every way possible. The Swedish people are noted for their progressive ideas, and the use of paper for wood is but one of the many evidences of their enterprise.—New York Tribune Interview.

Miss Nilsson's Count Casa Miranda.

Miss Nilsson's engagement to marry the Count Casa Miranda, a Spanish lawyer and politician of great importance, will have caused a flutter of excitement in this capital. He is one of several respectable persons here of less or less means, who, however, is a great musician to call him grandee. Miss Nilsson was the first one of the family that ever was ennobled and the title of countess was given to her by the late King of Sweden in recognition of her services to Oscar. When Lucien Bonaparte married Miss Jennings, Miss Mercedes in the same way, Count Casa Miranda is a Spaniard of the old school, and it is said that one of the conditions of the marriage was that Nilsson should leave the stage. We all believe here that Nilsson will not keep her promise. She is about 2 years old, and has been on the stage since she was 18. Spanish papers say that she is to be married soon to Count Casa Miranda, a Spanish politician of great importance. He